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MARVEL MILESTONES™

FEATURING CAPTAIN BRITAIN, PSYLOCKE & SUB-MARINER

SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-MAN

Guest Starring
CAPTAIN BRITAIN

RED SKULL
on the
RAMPAGE!

JAM-PACKED FULL OF WEB-SPINNING,
WALL-CRAWLING ACTION!

MARVEL

SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN ADVENTURES #114 • UNCANNY X-MEN #213 • HUMAN TORCH #2

MARVEL

MARVEL MILESTONES

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THE NEW YORK BASE
OF THE LATEST MENACE TO
PLAGUE THE CITY.

THE COSMIC
CUBE SHINES BRIGHT,
AN OBJECT THAT CAN
WARD AND CHANGE
REALITY.

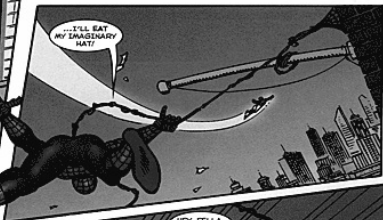
IN THE RIGHT
HANDS, THIS WOULD
BE A CHANGE FOR
THE GOOD.

BUT IN MY
HANDS, THE INFLUENCE
OF THE CUBE IS CAUSING
HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION
ACROSS THE CITY.

STILL I - THE
RED SKULL - AM NEVER
CONTENT. I DESIRE EVER
MORE MAYHEM AND
FOR THIS - I NEED
MORE POWER!

SPIDER-MAN *in* BLAST TO THE PAST!

SCRIPT: JIM ALEXANDER PENCILS: JON HAWARD INKS: JOHN STOKES
COLOURS: ALAN CRADDOCK LETTERING: MARK FRANCIS









BY FOCUSSEING
ON YOU, CAPTAIN
BRITAIN, THE COSMIC
CUBE HAS TAKEN US TO
THE ENGLISH
MOORS.



YES, MERLIN
HAD INCORPORATED
THE POWER OF THE AMULET
INTO YOUR COSTUME, THANKS
TO THE CUBE, IT NOW HANGS
AROUND YOUR
NECK.

NOW, BRITISHER,
IF YOU WILL, HAND IT
OVER SO I MAY COMBINE ITS
ENERGIES WITH THOSE
OF THE COSMIC
CUBE!



TO THE
SCENE OF YOUR
ORIGIN - THE MISTY
FORBIDDING HILLS
OF DARKMOOR.

GOOD GRIEF -
MERLIN'S AMULET,
THE SOURCE OF MY
POWERS, APPEARS
BEFORE ME!



AS A LITTLE
INCENTIVE - SINCE
YOU ENJOY THE COMPANY
OF SPIDERS SO MUCH -
HAVE SOME SPIDER
BULLETS!

THE CUBE'S
STRIPPED AWAY MY
PERSONAL FORCE FIELD -
I'M VULNERABLE TO THE
SKULL'S ATTACKS!



GIVING
SPIDERS A BAD
NAME THERE,
SKULL!

KICK

ACH!



YOU OK,
CAP?

I'M FINE.
TAKE CARE, THE RED
SKULL IS TOYING WITH
US. HE CAN ALTER
REALITY -

YUH-YAH.
YUH-YAH.

YARGHHAAA!

HERE-

OFFF!

YOU
PLAY BY MY
RULES!



THIS
CHARADE
ENDS...
NOW!

YOU HAVE
YOUR COSMIC CUBE,
SHULL.

BUT THIS IS
DARKMOOR, BRITISH
GROUND, WHERE MERLIN THE
MAGICIAN AND THE GODDESS
OF THE NORTHERN SKIES
CAME TO ME.

THEY ENHANCED
MY BROKEN BODY WITH
MYSTICAL ENERGIES
THAT DATE BACK TO THE
TIME OF KING ARTHUR
AND BEFORE.

I AM THE
LATEST OF AN ANCIENT
LINE TO ACT AS DEFENDER
OF THE BRITISH ISLES. THIS
IS MY LAND AND I AM HER
CHAMPION. THIS IS MY
BASE OF POWER!

ONE MORE
THING -

SPIDEY,
MOVE YOUR HEAD
OUT OF THE
WAY.

COUGH -
OHAY.

EE?

UH...?

HEY SHULLY,
YOU'RE LOOKING
A LITTLE UNSTEADY.
LET ME HELP
YOU.

SMACK!

"THE COSMIC CUBE HAS TAKEN US BACK INTO THE PAST - TO THE TIME OF MY ORIGIN. JUST PARKING ON THE SIDE, BELOW, IS MYSELF!"

"IT'S HERE IN THE MOORS THAT I LOSE CONTROL, AND CRASH..."

WE DID IT, CAP! THE SKULL IS DOWN!

THAT NOISE - CAN YOU HEAR...?

BOOOOM!

IT IS HERE THAT I MEET MY DESTINY...

...TO BECOME CAPTAIN BRITAIN.

WE'RE BACK IN NEW YORK! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT - SEEZ, IT'S GONE QUIET!

THE CITY IS AT PEACE. I'M PLEASED TO SAY, HAVING EARNED A RESPIRE FROM THE ANTECS OF THE SKULL AND THE CUBE.

I HEAR YOU, CAP...

...BETTER ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS!

AT THIS THE COSMIC CUBE TRANSPORTS THE THREE SUPER-POWERED BEINGS AWAY.

THE END

MARVEL
25TH
ANNIVERSARY

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APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

THE UNCANNY

X-MEN



and J. J. NERY

PSYLOCKE

STARRING THE
UNCANNY X-MEN

I AM A
STRANGER
HERE.

CHRIS CLAREMONT, WRITER
ALAN DAVIS, GUEST PENCILER
PAUL NEARY, GUEST INKER
TOM ORZECOWSKI, LETTERER
GLYNIS OLIVER, COLORIST
ANN NOCENTI, EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER, EDITOR IN CHIEF

LIKE ALL ADMITTED TO PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS, I AM A MUTANT (THOUGH, I FEAR, NO LONGER A "YOUNGSTER.")

I AM A TELEPATH...

...BORN WITH THE POWER TO PROJECT THOUGHTS, AND PERCEIVE THOSE OF OTHERS.

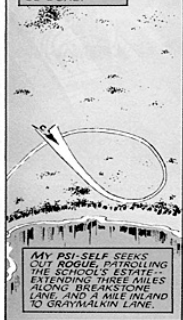
THIS DEVICE, CEREBRO, AMPLIFIES THAT ABILITY TO A FANTASTIC DEGREE.



...SO THEY COULD BE INVITED TO JOIN THE SCHOOL, AND HERE BE TAUGHT TO SAFELY USE THEIR POWERS.

A NOBLE PURPOSE.

THAT MAY WELL BE DONE.



EVEN AMPLIFIED BY CEREBRO, I CANNOT READ HER THOUGHTS.



PSYLOCKE?!

SHE IS A WILD, ECLECTIC MIX OF HUMAN AND ALIEN, HER NATURAL PSYCHE JUMBLED TOGETHER WITH THE ONE ACCIDENTALLY STOLEN FROM CAROL DANVERS.

FORGIVE ME, I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU.

ANYTHING TO REPORT?



DON'T FRET NONE, BETSY, AH'M FINE. AN' MORE IMPORTANTLY, THIS IS THE X-MEN'S HOME TURF.



HOPE TO SPARE MY FEELINGS. ROGUE DID NOT SAY SO ALOUD.

SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO.



I MUST PROVE MY WORTH TO THEM... BUT HOW?!

BURIED 30 METERS BELOW THE MANSION IS ITS INFIRMARY...

FULL TO BURSTING WITH THE PITIFULLY FEW SURVIVORS OF THE MARAUDERS MASSACRE



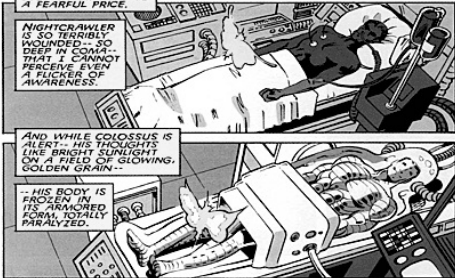
...AND BEGAN KILLING EVERY MUTANT IN SIGHT.

THE X-MEN TRIED TO STOP THEM, AND PAID A FEARFUL PRICE.

NIGHTCRAWLER IS SO TERRIBLY WOUNDED-- SO DEEP IN COMA-- THAT I CANNOT PERCEIVE EVEN A FLICKER OF AWARENESS.

AND WHILE COLOSSUS IS ALERT-- HIS THOUGHTS LIKE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT ON A FIELD OF GLOWING, GOLDEN GRAIN--

-- HIS BODY IS FROZEN IN ITS ARMORED FORM, TOTALLY PARALYZED.



KITTY PRYDE-- SHADOWCAT-- IS TRAPPED IN HER PHASING STATE, LITTLE MORE THAN A LIVING GHOST, UNABLE TO PHYSICALLY TOUCH OR BE TOUCHED.

IMAGINE A MOUNTAIN STREAM...

CASCADING MERRILY ALONG--



--THAT IS THE PICTURE OF HER MIND, LIVELY AND SO FULL OF LIFE.

HER DISCORPORATION IS PROGRESSIVE.

EVENTUALLY, IT WILL REACH THE STATE...



...WHERE SHE WILL CEASE TO EXIST.

NOTHING TRIED THIS FAR HAS EVEN SLOWED THE PROCESS DOWN.

SHE KNOWS--

-- YET SHE DOES NOT DESPAIR.





HALF MY AGE...

...YET HER COURAGE SHAMES ME.

I WEEP FOR HER...

...AS MY PSI-SELF SOARS THROUGH THE MANSION TO THE RESIDENTIAL WING INHABITED BY THE SCHOOL'S NOVICE CLASS THE NEW MUTANTS.



THEY ARE ALL GONE.

DISOBEYING ORDERS, THEY ENTERED THE MORLOCK TUNNELS -- NO ONE KNOWS WHY.



THEN, THOSE SAME TUNNELS WERE SWEEPED BY A TREMENDOUS WAVE OF HIGH-ENERGY PLASMA.



IF THE MUTANTS WERE IN ITS PATH WHEN THE WAVE STRUCK, THEY ARE SURELY DEAD.

I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THEM WITH CEREBRO. I WILL KEEP ON UNTIL I FIND THEM.

OR UNTIL THEIR DEATHS ARE PROVEN BEYOND ALL DOUBT.

MY LAST STOP IS CYPHER'S ROOM.



DOUGLAS RAMSEY.

HE RISKED HIS SOUL TO SAVE ME-- AND HIS TEAMMATES-- FROM THE CLUTCHES OF AN OTHER-DIMENSIONAL SLAVE-MASTER, MOJO.*

HE... LOVES ME.

MORE DEEPLY AND TRULY THAN HE KNOWS.



AND HOW DO I FEEL?

*SEE NEW MUTANTS ANNUAL #2. -- Ann N.

FORTY MILES SOUTH OF XAVIER'S SCHOOL IS MANHATTAN ISLAND, HEART OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK...

... AND A MILE BENEATH ITS STREETS...

... ARE THE TUNNELS WHERE ONCE THE MORLOCKS DWELLED.

TWO X-MEN--STORM AND WOLVERINE-- PLUS MAGNETO, THE SCHOOL'S NEW HEADMASTER, AND CALLISTO, LEADER OF THE MORLOCKS, ARE THERE NOW.

WE'RE WASTIN' OUR TIME, STORM.

PLASMA WAVE SWIFT THROUGH HERE, TOO.

MIGHT AS WELL ACCEPT...

...IT INVOLVED THE ENTIRE NETWORK.



FIRE SWEEPED EVERYTHING CLEAN. I CAN'T FIND EVEN A TRACE OF A SCENT--OF ANYONE'S SCENT!

EVERYTHING FLAMMABLE WAS CONSUMED. THE TUNNELS ARE NOW AS THEY MUST HAVE BEEN BEFORE THE MORLOCKS EVER ARRIVED.

NOTHING LEFT-- NO BODIES, NO CLOTHES, NO KEEPSAKES!!

OUR EXISTENCE HAS BEEN WIPED...

...FROM THE FACE OF THE STINKIN' WORLD?

WHO DID THIS STORM?!

WHAT DID THIS?!!

LIGHTNING.



WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?!

WHEN YOU AND I FOUGHT UPSTATE, THERE WAS LIGHTNING FLASHING ALL OVER THE PLACE, CRAZY LIKE I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

I SAW. I REMEMBER.



*LAST ISSUE -- Ann N.

"WAS THAT YOUR DOING? BUT HOW CAN THAT BE," CALLISTO CRIES. "YOU DON'T POSSESS YOUR POWERS ANYMORE. YOU NO LONGER CONTROL THE WEATHER!"



"THAT IS WHAT I BELIEVED," STORM REPLIES SOFTLY. THE ANGUISH IN HER VOICE MATCHING CALLISTO'S. "NOW I AM NO LONGER CERTAIN."

ARE YOU SAYING YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS??



I DO NOT KNOW.



WON'T BE ABLE TO FOLLOW ANY MARAUDER TRAILS FROM HERE. SAME GOES FOR THE NEW MUTANTS.

GOTTA FIGURE IF THEY'D SURVIVED, THEY'D HAVE FOUND SOME WAY TO CONTACT US.



NO!

BELIEVE THE WORST IF YOU WISH, WOLVERINE. I CHOOSE OTHERWISE.

SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW, I AM CERTAIN-- THE NEW MUTANTS STILL LIVE!

AS HEAD-MASTER, IT IS MY RESPONSIBILITY...



TO PROTECT THEM.

THE HELLFIRE CLUB HAS INVITED ME TO JOIN THEIR RULING BODY. THE LORDS CARDINAL, AS WHITE KING, PERHAPS I SHOULD ACCEPT?

AN ALLIANCE WITH THE X-MEN'S DEADLIEST FOES?! IMPOSSIBLE!

NOT SO LONG AGO, STORM, I WAS THE X-MEN'S DEADLIEST FOE. YET LOOK AT ME NOW.

FACE FACTS, WIND-RIDER-- THE X-MEN NEED HELP! YOU CAN'T GO ON ALONE...

ESPECIALLY AGAINST THE MARAUDERS.





IF I CAN STOMACH JOINING UP WITH YOU, YOU CAN WITH HELLFIRE

I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD ENOUGH. I MANIFEST MY PSI-SELF, MAKING MY PRESENCE KNOWN.



MY NEWS DOES LITTLE TO IMPROVE THEIR MOOD.
I HAVE A SUGGESTION-- I COULD PSI-SCAN THE ENTIRE COUNTRY, POSSIBLY THE HEMISPHERE, FOR ANY SIGN OF EITHER THE NEW MUTANTS OR THE MARAUDERS.
WITH CEREBRO AMPLIFYING MY OWN NATURAL TELEPATHIC TALENT, I COULD PENETRATE VIRTUALLY ANY PSYCHIC SHIELDING.

AT CONSIDERABLE RISK TO YOURSELF, YOUNG LADY.

I KNOW YOU MEAN WELL, PSYLOCKE-- AND SUCH COURAGE AND GENEROSITY. DO YOU PROUD-- BUT YOUR PLAN IS FAR TOO DANGEROUS.

WE WILL TAKE YOUR PROPOSAL UNDER ADVISEMENT, ELIZABETH.



IN THE MEANTIME, YOUR PRIMARY TASK IS TO HELP ROGUE MAINTAIN SECURITY AT THE MANSION



I CAN DO BOTH. I WANT TO HELP, STORM!



THEN, PSYLOCKE, DO AS I ASK.



WE COULD USE HER POWER, ORORO.

SHE MEANS WELL, LOGAN-- BUT SHE IS TOO UNKNOWN, UNTESTED A QUANTITY.

THESE DAYS, WE CANNOT AFFORD ANY MISTAKES.

I WANT NO MORE BODIES ON MY CONSCIENCE, BETTER ELIZABETH REMAINS ON THE SIDELINES, WHERE SHE WILL BE SAFE.

MY LANGUAGE
WOULD MAKE
A ROYAL
MARINE BLUSH.

MY THOUGHTS
ARE WORSE.

ALL THEY SEE IN
ME-- ALL THEY
ACKNOWLEDGE--
IS MY SHELL!

THE SWEET, INNOCENT, GENTEEL,
PRINCESS DI FACADE.

HOW DO I
SHOW
THEM...

...THE TIGER
WITHIN?!

WHAT'S
THAT?!
MIND-FLASH--A
STRANGER, ENTERING
THE SCHOOL GROUNDS!

A PSI-SCAN
SHOULD FIND
HIS LOCATION
AND IDENTITY--

--AND DETERMINE
WHETHER OR NOT
HE'S A THRE



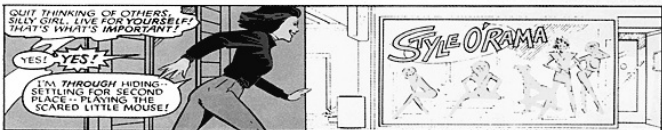
INTERLUDE

LOS ANGELES.

ITS WILDEST STREET, ON
THE WILDEST NIGHT OF THE
WEEK-- A TIME AND PLACE
WHERE ANYTHING GOES!

ALISON BLAIRE
COULDN'T CARE LESS.

SHE WALKS
ALONE...



Ah, MYSTIQUE-- IF YOU COULD SEE
YOUR FOSTER DAUGHTER NOW...

... BET YOU'D HARDLY
RECOGNIZE HER.

GAL WHO USED
TO THINK ONLY
OF HERSELF.
LIVE FOR
HERSELF...







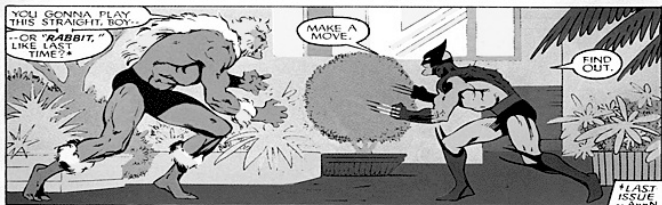
BEFORE I'M THROUGH, YOU'RE GONNA DO A LOT!











THIS TIME, NEITHER TRIES ANYTHING FANCY.

THEIR HATRED IS A PALPABLE PRESENCE IN THE ROOM.

THEY ARE THE PERSONIFICATION OF VIOLENCE--

--THE DARKEST SIDE OF MAN'S PRIMEVAL NATURE BROUGHT TO LIFE.

QUARTER WILL NOT BE ASKED BETWEEN THEM...

...NOR GIVEN.

WOLVERINE'S BONES ARE LACED WITH ADAMANTIUM...

THE STRONGEST METAL KNOWN.

HIS CLAWS ARE NATURAL--

BUT SABRETOOTH IS LARGER, FASTER, STRONGER.

--BUT THAT MAKES THEM...

...NO LESS DEADLY.

--WHERE WOLVERINE'S ARE MAN-MADE--

AND BOTH MEN'S WOUNDS BEGIN TO HEAL WITH FANTASTIC SPEED, THE INSTANT THEY ARE MADE.

CALLISTO HAS FOUND ROGUE. STORM, THE CHILD IS ALL RIGHT.

IS MISS BRADDOCK--?!

I LOOK FAR WORSE, MAGNETO...

THAN I ACTUALLY AM.

HE THINKS MY WORDS BRAVADO.

IF HE ONLY KNEW...

THESE IMPROVED CHAINS SHOULD HOLD OUR FOE.

NO! WAIT!

WE KNOW NEXT TO NOTHING ABOUT THE MARAUDERS / THIS IS A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN.

AND WE SHALL, ONCE SABRETOOTH IS PROPERLY RESTRAINED.

HIS PSYCHIC DEFENSES ARE FORMIDABLE.

UNDER THOSE CONDITIONS, THEY'LL BE FULLY ACTIVE.

I DOUBT WE'LL LEARN A THING.

BUT NOW, HIS CONCENTRATION IS FOCUSED ON HIS BATTLE WITH WOLVERINE?

I CAN SLIP INTO HIS MIND, WITHOUT HIM NOTICING...

AND WHAT OF WOLVERINE??

IS YOUR PLAN WORTH HIS UNWITTING SACRIFICE??

"HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF, MAGNETO. HE'LL HAVE TO."

"STORM, I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT. I CAN DO THIS-- I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN--"

"...FOR ALL OUR SAKES, AT LEAST LET ME TRY!"

DO
IT.

CALM MY SELF.

SEEK SERENITY OF
BODY AND MIND.

ALL PAIN WILL PASS.

MY PHYSICALITY IS
BUT A VESSEL...

...I LEAVE
BEHIND...

... AS THESE TWO
HAVE SO EASILY,
SO EAGERLY
ABANDONED...

...THEIR
HUMANITY.

THEIR RAGE IS
MATCHED...

... BY A TERRIBLE,
TRANSCENDENT JOY--

... THEY SO LOVE
WHAT THEY DO.

IMAGES AS WILD AS THE
MEN THEMSELVES CASCADE
THROUGH ALE.

WOLVERINE--MUCH YOUNGER,
TOSSED BROKEN AND BLOODY
ON A SNOWSCAPE.

THEY HAVE
FOUGHT BEFORE.



I SEE OTHER FACES.
HEAR OTHER VOICES--
FROM A MUCH LATER
TIME--

--MARAUDERS--



--AND A SHADOW ALL
ACKNOWLEDGE AS...

...THEIR
MASTER.



IT IS NOT
ENOUGH.



I MUST FIND
OUT HOW TO
DEAL WITH
THIS
"MASTER".



I MUST
PROBE
DEEPER.



FORGIVE
ME, MY
FRIEND.

FINALLY...

WOLVERINE--
I HAVE THE
INFORMATION
WE NEED!

THERE IS NO
MORE NEED
TO FIGHT--WE
HAVE WON!

HEAR THAT,
SUCKER?!

YOU BEEN
CONNED?

I KEPT YOU BUSY.

PSYLOCKE
TAPPED YOUR
TEENY, TINY
MIND.

AN' NOW,
WE'RE GONNA
PUT YOU AWAY
PERMANENTLY!

SMART PLAY, RUNT.

I'M IMPRESSED.

BUT YOU
AIN'T TAKIN'
ME!

AN'
YOU CAN
BET--

--I'LL BE
BACK!

NOT IF I HAVE ANYTHING
TO SAY ABOUT IT!

YOU'RE
HISTORY,
BUB!

WOLVIE--
YOU LOON!
DON'T YOU
KNOW WHEN
TO QUIT?!

FOR TOO LONG, THE LAKE'S
SURFACE IS STILL--AND THEN...
I SENSE ONLY ROGUE AND
WOLVERINE'S PRESENCE.

SABRETOOTH
IS GONE.

SLAIN,
YOU
MEAN?

I DO
NOT
KNOW.

DON'T
COUNT
ON IT!

LEMME GO,
GIRL! WE
GOTTA KEEP
LOOKIN'--

--TILL WE
FIND HIM!

WE SEARCH THROUGH THE NIGHT, WITHOUT SUCCESS, AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

WE WERE LUCKY. IF NOT FOR PSYLOCKE, THERE'D HAVE BEEN ANOTHER MASSACRE HERE.

AND IT'S NOT OVER.

MARAUDERS'LL KEEP COMIN'-- 'TIL THEY GET US.

UNLESS WE NAIL THEM FIRST.

BUT WE CAN'T HIT BACK-- EFFECTIVELY--

...WHILE WE'RE FORCED TO COVER THE WOUNDED BACK HERE AT THE MANSION.

A GOOD POINT. THEY MIGHT WELL BE SAFER AT Dr. MacTAVAGH'S RESEARCH FACILITY ON MUIR ISLE, IN SCOTLAND.

SOUNDS FINE WITH ME.

GOTTA ADMIT, I OWE BETTS AN APOLOGY.

WHEN THE CRUNCH CAME, SHE DIDN'T FOLD. SHE THOUGHT OF THE X-MEN BEFORE HERSELF-- EVEN THOUGH WE'D ALL PUT HER DOWN PRETTY HARD. HANDLED HERSELF REAL WELL, TOO.

ASK ME, SHE'S PROVED HERSELF-- AN' THEN SOME.

IF IT'S WHAT SHE WANTS...

IT'S VERY MUCH WHAT I WANT, MY FRIEND.

...SHE'S AN X-MAN.

IF THERE ARE NO OBJECTIONS.

WOLVERINE SPEAKS FOR US ALL, ELIZABETH.

WELCOME TO THE TEAM!

NEXT WITH
MALICE
TOWARDS ALL

X-MEN: OLD SOLDIERS TPB COVER

MARVEL

X-MEN

OLD SOLDIERS

ALL NEW FEATURES

THE HUMAN TORCH

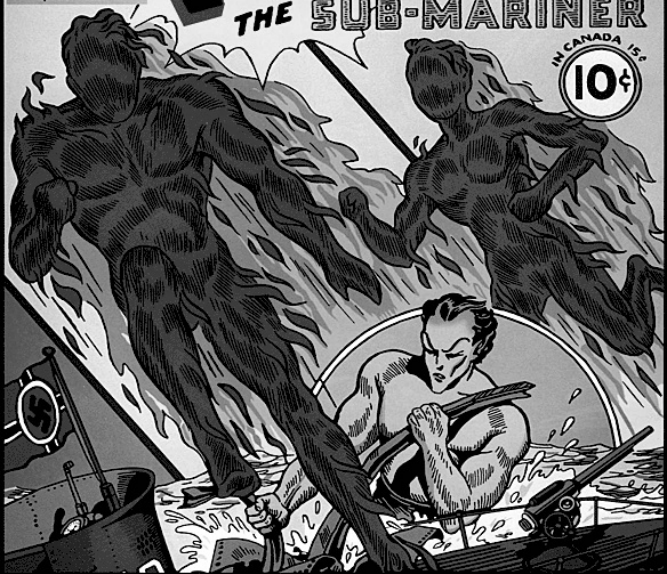
FALL NUMBER

MARVEL COMICS
Special Features

also
THE SUB-MARINER

IN CANADA 15¢

10¢



MANHATTAN DAILY EXPRESS
SPECIAL EDITION
NEW YORK-FALL 1940
PRICE: 10 CENTS

SUB-MARINER

CRASHES NEW YORK AGAIN!!!

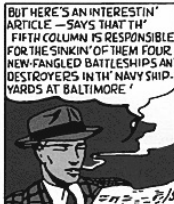
STRIKES IN OLD GOTHAM

NAMOR, THE MUCH FEARED AND RESPECTED PHENOMENON FROM THE ANTARCTIC ICELANDS, ONCE MORE INVADES MANHATTAN!

BY BILL EVERETT
(SPECIAL TO MANHATTAN DAILY EXPRESS)

NEW YORK K. 3-11111

LEFT COLUMNISTS IN BALTIMORE



SURE LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE CAPTAIN. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THESE FIFTH COLUMNISTS' WORK IT-- OUR YARDS ARE SO CLOSELY GUARDED.



THAT NIGHT NAMOR DISGUISED AS A DOCK HAND READS THE NEWS IN A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER.

OH-OH! THIS IS GETTING BAD!



LOOKING ABOUT TO SEE IF ANYONE IS WATCHING, HE SLIPS OVER THE SIDE, INTO THE WATER.

BETTER GET DOWN TO BALTIMORE RIGHT AWAY-- MAYBE I CAN STOP THIS!



SHOULD BE THERE IN TEN MORE MINUTES. I'LL GET RID OF MY COAT-- IT MIGHT HAMPER ME IF I TANGLE WITH ANYONE.



AS HE SURS INTO BALTIMORE HARBOR HE SEES:

WHAT? A GERMAN U-BOAT? WHAT'S IT DOING HERE?



PUTTING HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE EAR NEXT THE HULL, HE LISTENS...

PRETTY QUIET-- DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE INSIDE. I WONDER ...



RIISING TO THE SURFACE HE FINDS THAT NIGHT HAS FALLEN. LOOKING BACK ACROSS THE HARBOR

WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A ROWBOAT-- AND NO LIGHTS! FOOLS! THEY'RE LIABE TO BE RUN DOWN!



SWIMMING OUT TO WITHIN REACH OF THE BOAT, HE HEARS:

JA! DIS ISS VORKING OUD SVELL! A LIDDLE FURDER, HERMANN UND MAX!

ID LOOGS AS DOUGH UNCLE FRANGUN MAIDE HAFF DER AGGZIDEND DO VUN OFF HISS TOYS, JA? ANUDDER VUN OUD OFF DER VAY!



A MOMENT LATER THE WOMEN IN THE STERN OF THE BOAT OFF THEIR CLOTHES AND DON "ARTIFICIAL LUNGS"

ARE YE DERE, FRITZ?

JA! LED'S GO!

WHILE NAMOR LOOKS ON ASTONISHED, THEY CLIMB OVER THE SIDE AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE BLACK WATER

SO! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? THEY MUST BE THE SUBMARINE'S CREW, RETURNING AFTER DOING THEIR DIRTY WORK ON SHORE! PRETTY CLEVER - LEAVING AND ENTERING THE SUBMERGED U-BOAT BY THE ESCAPE-HATCH!



As Namor watches, secretly, the boat rows back to shore and picks up more passengers, who repeat the process - eight times and sections soon have sunk below the surface!

WASTING NO TIME NAMOR RACES FOR THE DOCKS.



SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO GET INTO THE NAVY YARD BUT ONCE I'M THERE WHAT? ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN. I GUESS, BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS ALL MEANS!



NAMOR'S WINGED FEET CARRY HIM LIGHTLY OVER THE HIGH CYCLONE FENCE SURROUNDING THE GOVERNMENT PROPERTY.



ROUNDING THE CORNER OF A BUILDING, HE SEES TWO SENTRY'S TAKING TIME OUT FOR A CIGARETTE.

MMMM! THIS MAY BE INTERESTING.



EAVESDROPPING, HE HEARS:

SO YOU THINK THEY'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH THE "ARMONK"?

NAW! THEY'RE LAUNCHING HER FROM NOB DRYDOCK AT 2 PM TOMORROW-AND SHE'LL BE PLENTY WELL GUARDED! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN!



SO! NOTHING CAN HAPPENEH?
I'LL LAY TEN TO ONE THAT
SOMETHING DOES!



WASTING NO TIME NAMOR
LEAPS INTO THE BAY ONCE MORE

THOSE MEN FROM THE U-BOAT
WEREN'T OUT SIGHT-SEEING
TONIGHT!



—AND SWIMS RAPIDLY TO HIS AERIAL-SUB.

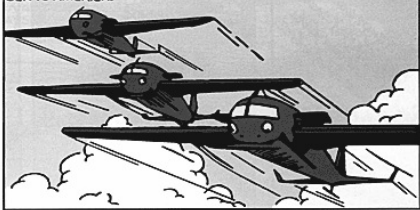
AT ANY RATE, I SHAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES—
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!



HOPE FOLMA'S GOT THE FLEET
ORGANIZED— CAN'T WASTE ANY
TIME AT ALL!



EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING NAMOR'S FLEET OF SUPER AERIAL-
SUBMARINES WINGS ITS WAY AT LIGHTNING SPEED OVER THE
SEA TO AMERICA.



AND AN HOUR OR SO LATER A CHRISTENING IS IN FULL SWING AT THE NAVY DRYDOCKS IN BALTIMORE

I HEREBY CHRISTEN THEE "ARMONK"!



WITH A GREAT ROAR AND RUMBLE THE HUGE BATTLESHIP COMMENCES TO SLIP DOWN THE WAYS, WHILE OVERHEAD.....



NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUBS STOP DIRECTLY ABOVE THE SHIP

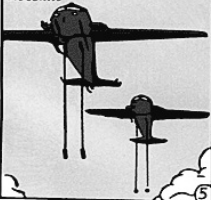


AND ON THE SHIP'S DECK.....

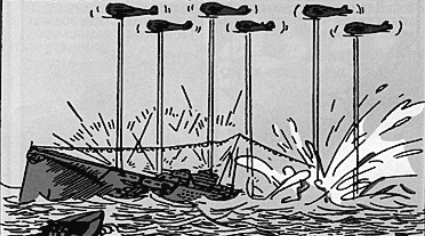
COMMANDER! SOMETHING'S WRONG! WE'RE SINKING!



SUDDENLY, FROM NAMOR'S PLANES IN THE SKY, COME LONG STEEL CABLES, TWO FROM EACH PLANE, AND ALL SUPPORTING ODD METAL DISCS.....



.....WHICH PROVE TO BE MAGNETS, AND ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE SINKING HULL WITH A TERRIFIC CLANK!



AS THE ONLOOKERS WATCH, PUZZLED,
NAMOR SHOUTS A COMMAND FROM
THE WINDOW OF HIS FLAGSHIP----

ALL SET? HAUL IN!!!



THE CROWD UTTERS A SHARP GASP AS THE BATTLESHIP IS MIRACULOUSLY
LIFTED FROM THE WATER!



SLOWLY THE PLANES MOVE IN, TOWING
THE SHIP UNDER THEM.



A SECOND LATER NAMOR LEAPS
DOWN FROM HIS PLANE ---



GET BACK ALL OF YOU! KEEP
CLEAR! THAT SHIP'S COMING
BACK IN HERE! **SCRAM!**
BEAT IT!



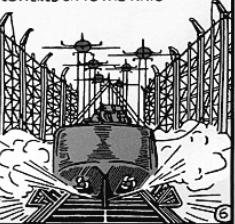
THE CROWD FALLS BACK, TOO
ASTONISHED TO RESIST, AND NAMOR
TURNS TO SHOUT A COMMAND UP
TO THE PLANES: ---



--- THEN HE LEAPS INTO THE
AIR AGAIN, TURNING ONLY
TO TOSS A SMALL CAPSULE,
CONTAINING A NOTE, DOWN AT
THE OFFICIALS' ROSTRUM.



WITH A DULL THUD AND RASPING OF
WOOD AGAINST STEEL, THE SHIP'S
LOWERED ON TO THE WAYS---



AS NAMOR'S AERIAL SUBS RELEASE THEIR MAGNETS AND ROAR AWAY AN OFFICER REACHES FOR THE CAPSULE.

THERE'S A NOTE HERE CAPTAIN SHALL I OPEN IT?



OF COURSE FOOL! DID YOU THINK HE MEANT FOR US TO HANG IT ON JUNIOR'S CHRISTMASTREE? READ IT!



I MIGHT HAVE WARNED YOU OF SABOTAGE—THAT THIS SHIP HAD BEEN DAMAGED—BUT YOU WOULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED ME. I KNOW WHERE THE SABOTEURS ARE LOCATED. IF YOU WILL HAVE THREE MEN MEET ME AT PIER 18 WITH A LIGHT TORPEDO-BOMB TONIGHT AT NINE O'CLOCK I WILL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE ME, FOR IT WILL ONLY BRING DESTRUCTION TO YOU—I AM YOUR FRIEND—I WARN YOU!

Cliff
Cliff
Cliff

AFTER READING NAMOR'S MESSAGE, NAVY OFFICIALS DECIDE TO PLAY BALL WITH HIM. AT THE APPOINTED TIME A SMALL FAST TORPEDO BOAT RACES ACROSS THE HARBOR TO PIER 18



AND AS NAMOR STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS

PIER 18
WELL YOUR CURIOSITY GOT THE BEST OF YOU EH?



NEVER MIND THE WISE CRACKS, MR. SUB-MARINER! WHAT'S YOUR GAME? COME ON NOW, SHOW US WHERE THESE SO-CALLED 'SABOTEURS' ARE—IF YOU KNOW!

NAMOR LEAPS INTO THE BOAT AND DIRECTS THEM TO A SPOT ABOVE THE SUBMARINE

ALL RIGHT, MISTER. IF YOU DOUBT ME DIVE DOWN ABOUT THREE FATHOMS!



YOU'LL FIND A GERMAN U BOAT THERE, OR I'LL EAT YOUR HAT! NOW I'VE SHOWN YOU WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? PROVIDING YOU BELIEVE ME, OF COURSE!



OKAY, SUPPOSING YOU'RE NOT KIDDING.... WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT? I'VE GOT NO AUTHORITY TO SINK IT. WE'RE NOT AT WAR WITH ANYBODY WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



THAT'S ENTIRELY UP TO YOU—YOU CAN EITHER SINK IT ON YOUR OWN RESPONSIBILITY, OR LET IT GO ON TO WREAK FURTHER DESTRUCTION!



LISTEN, MISTER, THIS ALL MAKES A VERY INTERESTING LITTLE PIECE OF MELO-DRAMA, BUT AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE, I CAN'T SINK A FOREIGN SUBMARINE—ESPECIALLY ONE WHICH I'M NOT SURE EVEN EXISTS!

ALL RIGHT—WHY DON'T YOU SEND ONE OF YOUR MEN DOWN?



IT'S ONLY ABOUT EIGHTEEN FEET DOWN THERE—AND NO ONE IN THE SUB WOULD SEE HIM.

WELL—I DON'T KNOW. I SUPPOSE IT'S WORTH A TRY.

I'LL GO, CAPTAIN—I'M A FAIRLY STRONG SWIMMER.



IF I DON'T COME UP IN THREE MINUTES YOU'D BETTER SEND SOMEONE DOWN FOR ME. I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THESE WATERS! WELL—HERE GOES!

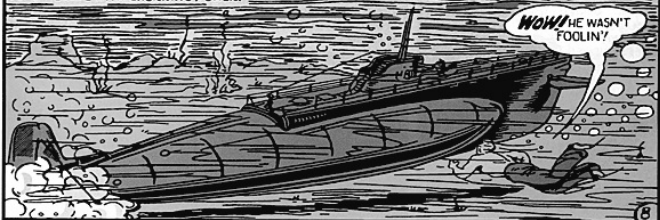


SWIFT AS AN ARROW THE SAILOR DARTS DOWN INTO THE COLD WATER, SEEKING THE SILENT PERIL.



PRESSURE'S GETTING HEAVY, BUT—I GUESS I CAN MAKE IT!

AND TO HIS AMAZEMENT IT SUDDENLY LOOMS BEFORE HIM—A GREAT GREY SHADOW, TAKING FORM IN THE GERMAN U-BOAT? HIS EARS ARE NEARLY SHATTERED AS THE HUGE PROPELLER BEGINS TO THRASH, AND THE SEAS VIBRATE WITH CHURNING POWER!



WOW! HE WASN'T FOOLIN'!

WASTING NOT ANOTHER SECOND
THE SAILOR TURNS A OUT AND
RACES BACK TO THE SURFACE...



HOLY SMOKE, CAPTAIN! HE WAS
RIGHT! THERE IS A U-BOAT
DOWN THERE! OR, RATHER, THERE
WAS. JUST AS I FOUND IT, THE MOTORS
STARTED AND IT MOVED OFF!



THERE — YOU SEE, MY FRIEND? THE SUB-
MARINER DOESN'T ALWAYS TELL TALL TALES!
NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? ARE
YOU GOING TO STOP IT, OR WILL YOU LET IT
GET AWAY FROM YOU?
— COME ON —
SPEAK UP, MAN!



AAAAAHH!! GOSH I DON'T KNOW!
MY HANDS ARE TIED — I CAN'T DO
ANYTHING!



WELL IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL
ABOUT IT, OKAY? I ONLY TRIED TO
HELP YOU AND YOUR FOOL NATION,
BUT IF THIS IS ALL IT MEANS TO
YOU — WELL — I'LL BE SEEN' YA!



AS NAMOR LEAPS ACROSS THE STERN OF
THE TORPEDO-BOAT, HE REACHES OUT
AND SLAMS THE TRIGGER-LEVER OF THE
DEPTH-CHARGE MECHANISM!



WITH A CRACK AND A WHINE THE ASH-CAN
SOARS INTO THE AIR NAMOR HITS THE
WATER AND DISAPPERS



FORMING AN ARC THE DEADLY
CYLINDER DIVES DOWN
SMASHING THE WATER'S SURFACE.



— AND SUDDENLY NAMOR'S HEAD
POPS UP.....



HEEDING NAMOR'S TIMELY WARNING, THE PILOT JAMS THE THROTTLE, AND THE TORPEDO-BOAT LEAPS AWAY!



EXPL ES!



SOARING HIGH IN THE AIR TO AVOID THE DETONATION, NAMOR LOOKS DOWN ON THE CHURNING MUDDY RING OF WATER.....

LUCKY SHOT! MUST HAVE HIT DIRECTLY 'MIDSHIPS!



....THEN DIVES DOWN TO INVESTIGATE THE DAMAGE.....

BETTER MAKE SURE SHE'S FINISHED -



....BUT TO HIS SURPRISE, HE FINDS THE U-BOAT ONLY SLIGHTLY IMPAIRED, AND STILL UNDER POWER, PLOWING THROUGH CLOUDS OF MUD DISTURBED BY THE EXPLOSION!

HOLY MACKEREL! SO IT MISSED!!!



THAT'S NOT SO GOOD - YET - ON SECOND THOUGHT MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL. THE AMERICAN PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THESE RATS - THEY SHOULD BE BROUGHT OUT IN THE OPEN, GIVEN A TRIAL, AND HUNG IN A PUBLIC SQUARE!!!



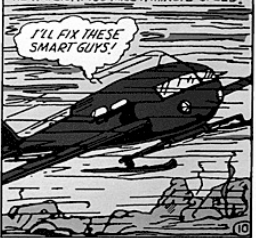
WHEELING ABOUT SUDDENLY, HE RACES TO HIS AERIAL-SUB.....

I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

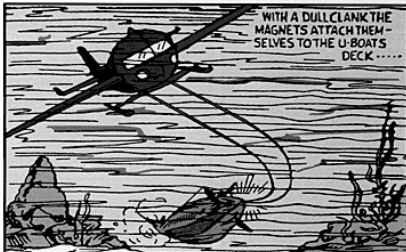


....AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER IS CLEAVING THE WATER AT 100-MILE-A-MINUTE SPEED!

I'LL FIX THESE SMART GUYS!



IN A FLASH HE DARTS OVER THE ESCAPING SUBMARINE, THE TWO LONG CABLES OF THE GRAPPLING MAGNETS TRAILING LOOSELY.....



AND NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUB ROARS ON, TOWING ITS CAPTIVE BEHIND !!!

HA-HA! YOU DIRTY
LIKE - I'VE GOT
YOU THIS
TIME!



INSIDE THE SUBMARINE, ALL IS CONFUSION.....

DONNERWETTER! ID LOOGS LIGE YUN OFF
DER ZUB-MARINER'S PLANES! HE'S GOD
US HOOGED MITT ZUM GIND OFF
GRABBLING-HOOGS, OR ZUMDING!



QUICK, MEN! TO DER
TORPEDO-ROOM! IF HE
ISS IN FRONT OFF US VE
CAN HIT HIM MITT DER
TORPEDOES! ALTOGEDDER,
NOW - LED'S GO!



MADLY THE CREW RUSHES TO
SLAM A TORPEDO INTO ITS TUBE -
-AMOMENT LATER.....



A MUFFLED CLICK, A GREAT HISS,
AND THE DEADLY MISSILE IS SHOT
FROM THE SUBMARINE'S NOSE!



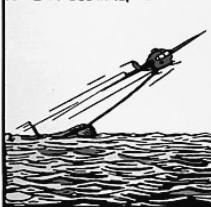
UNAWARE OF THIS UNEXPECTED DANGER
NAMOR BANKS THE AERIAL-SUB TO
CHANGE HIS COURSE, AND—THE
TORPEDO MISSES BY INCHES!



THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD NAMOR CATCHES
A GLIMPSE OF THE SLENDER TUBE



REALIZING THAT MORE TORPEDOES MAY
FOLLOW, NAMOR QUICKLY NOSES HIS
PLANE, TO THE SURFACE, AND



-SPOTTING LAND, SPEEDS TOWARD IT— BEACHING THE U-BOAT!!!



THE SHOCK OF THE IMPACT
LOOSENS THE MAGNETS,
AND NAMOR ROARS
AWAY, LEAVING THE
SUBMARINE
STRANDED!



TEN MINUTES LATER, IN A STORE IN A
LITTLE TOWN ON THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY

HELLO - COAST GUARD? YOU'LL FIND
THE CREW OF A NAZI U-BOAT STRANDED
ON A SHOAL ABOUT FORTY MILES FROM
CAPE MAY, WITH THEIR CRAFT BEACHED
THERE - IF YOU HURRY!



LEAVING A PERPLEXED STORE KEEPER,
AND A BEWILDERED COAST-GUARD,
NAMOR RUSHES BACK TO HIS PLANE,
AND SOARS ON TO NEW ADVENTURES
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